

Leaves on the Wind

By
Rev. D. A. Casey





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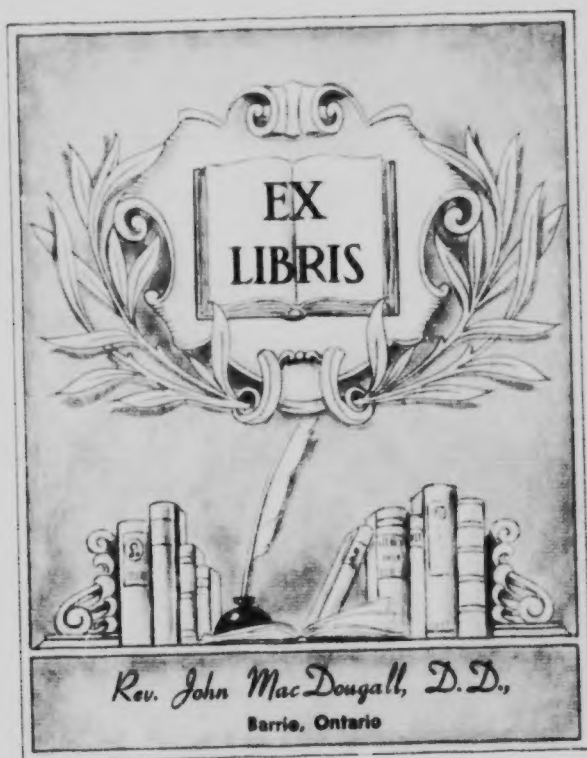
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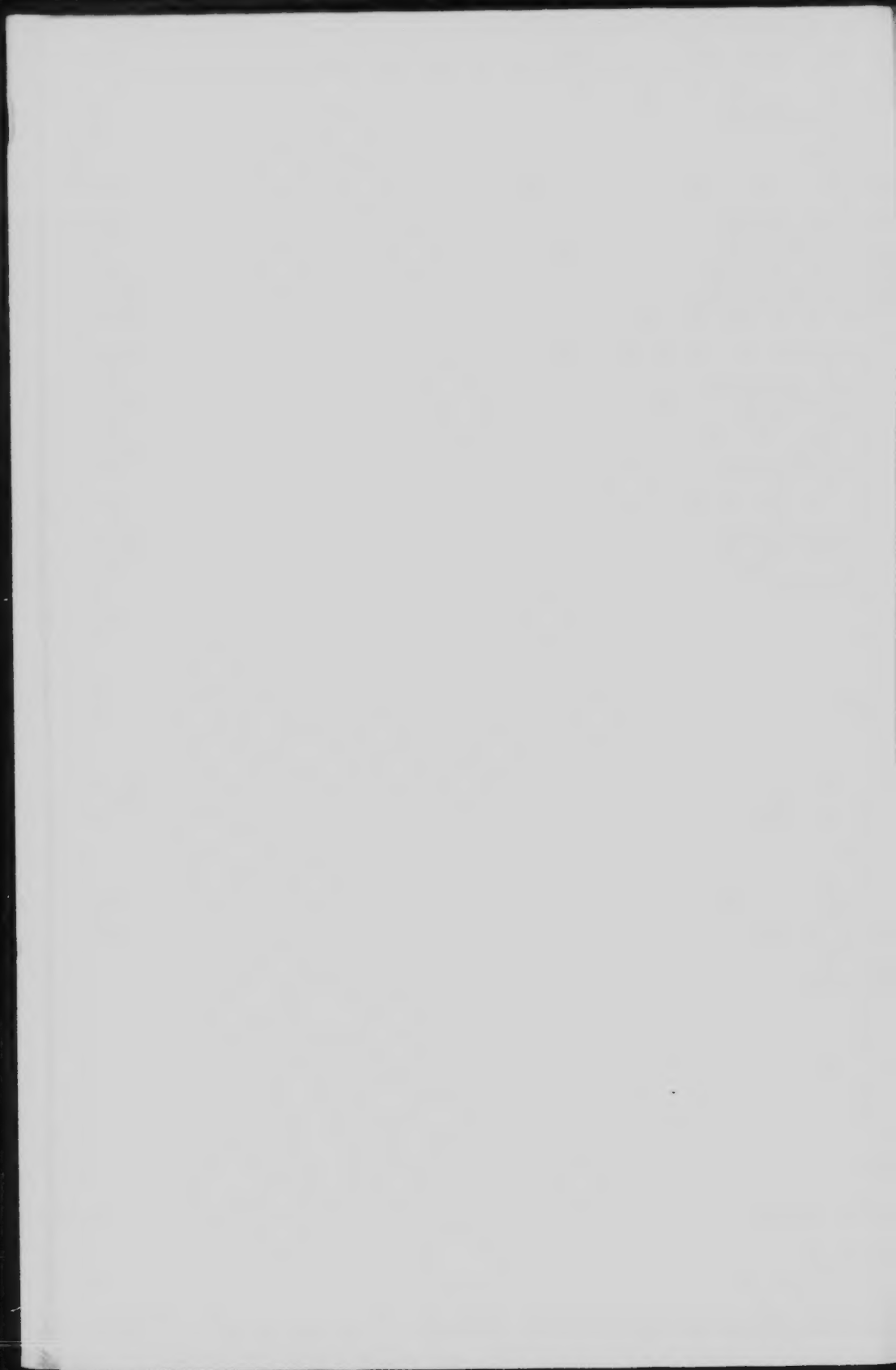
Miss Florence E.
MacDougall

To Dr Macdougall,
with very best wishes
from
Chas. Garvey.

May. 3rd, '22



LEAVES ON THE WIND



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By
Rev. D. A. Casey

With a Preface by
Rev. J. B. Dollard, Litt.D.

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TO
REV. J. B. DOLLARD, LITT. D.
POET, PRIEST AND FRIEND.



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PREFACE

THE poet or bard, in all ages and among all peoples, has had his meed of honour and respect.

The apogee of bardic honour and power had place, as one might expect, among the Irish people, when Ireland was an independent nation, under her own *Ard-Righ* or High-King. Such largesse and privileges of all kinds were then accorded to the poets and singers that they began to form an *imperium in imperio*, and to dispute the sovereign power with the king himself! It required a bloody war before things were brought once again to their proper equilibrium! Ireland, therefore, proudly claims the distinction of having conferred the highest rewards ever bestowed in this material world upon genius and art! This fact is something that is well worth recording. Ireland made kings of her bards, and princes of her poets!

In the middle ages of Christian times a juster means of appreciation was struck. The poets, troubadours, minstrels, minnesingers, and meistersingers were given their special rank and position in court, and though no people made kings of them, yet they and their art were held in the highest honour and esteem both by princes and people.

It was reserved for our own modern days, the days of money-grubbing and gross materialism, to see the poets and artists utterly ignored and unappreciated. "Big business," and stock-market "operations," and "success" in accumulating immense piles of yellow

dross, is the fetish, the golden calf, which, in those last few years, the world has adored! Even, sad to say, such ideas have been dragged into the economy of the Church of God, and people were taught to admire, not the saint and the savant, but the "great financier," the "great manager" and the "great builder!"

Now, Christ did not profess to be a great financier or a great builder; the temples that He was occupied in building were the temples of the soul, the temples of grace and beauty and holiness, and this work is also the special province of the saint, and of the seer, and of the poet!

From this low, modern estimation of poetry and of the poet there was bound to be a revulsion. Already we begin to see, especially in the United States, a revival of interest in poetry, and this is signalized by the honours conferred upon new poets and singers, and by the eagerness with which their works are bought and perused. This new book of poems of Father Casey's is a fine contribution to the output of present-day minstrelsy. Since his first meritorious volume, "At the Gate of the Temple," was published, his poetical powers have strengthened and matured. He now strikes the lyre with full assurance and melody, and there is no mistaking his inspiration and his message. The reader will find in this volume splendid poems on many different subjects. Many chords are touched to which the heart strongly vibrates: tender chords of Erin's love and sorrow; chords of patriotism and

chords of piety ; chords of adoration and homage that lift the soul to the very Throne of the Most High!

Books of poetry like this are badly needed in these unbelieving and materialistic days, for, in its pages, religion and art are intermingled with the happiest results.

JAMES B. DOLLARD, LITT.D.

St. Monica's Church, Toronto, Sept. 24th, 1919.

LEAVES ON THE WIND



VANITY OF VANITIES

WHO serves the world serves aye a thankless
master;

To-day it crowns, to-morrow it supplants us.

Who wooes the bubble Praise courts disappointment;
The baubles men pursue are Dead Sea apples.

Desire doth ever paint with golden glamour
The cherished goal that men so eager strive for.

But Promise never ripens in Achievement:
The touch of Time reduces all to ashes.

Why sell our gifts to win a moment's favour?
God gave not life to waste it on such trifles.

Who spares a thought for mighty Alexander?
Who stops to weep above the grave of Caesar!

Adown the years what names live on eternal?
The men whose lives were e'er writ large with Failure.

Who vainly reached unto a high ideal;
And vanquished died dismissed as idle dreamers.

Dost love thy kind? Dost serve the great Creator?
Then shall thy name be held in benediction;
And in eternal courts shall shine resplendent.

SOLITARY

(To my Sister's Memory)

THE road is long before me,
That I must walk alone—
A long road and a dark road,
Since you are gone, mavrone!

I minded not the shadows
When we walked side by side,
And all the narrow windings
Were broad and smooth and wide.

The frowning hills reflected
A beauty all divine,
When we fared forth together,
Your hand clasped close in mine.

But now you've left me lonely,
And I am fearful grown
Of the long road and the dark road
That I must walk alone.

EASTER WEEK

THEY are empty of crowds,
The grey streets of Dublin,
Where there is blood on the stones.

There is sorrow in Eire
For the brave men dead
Where the roof-trees are fallen.

But high up in Heaven
The White Knights of God
Have recruits for their banner.

AT RETREAT

HERE in this holy place of solitude,
My heart has turned to You.
Again I pledge my troth to seek Your Will
In all I do.

O bind me fast to You for ever more
So that I never stray
Aside into the perilous ways of sin
By night or day.

O Mary! make me fervent to redeem
The more than wasted years,
And beg for me, for all His Grace abused,
Redeeming tears.

THE LONELY HEART

IT is not so long in the toll of years,
But if heartbreaks count and the bitter tears,
Ah, then it is years and years ago
Since, pulse o' my heart, I saw you go.

I smiled in your face as I said farewell,
But not all the volume of words can tell
The crushing weight of the aching pain,
As my bleeding heart was rent in twain.

I smiled in your face as I said good-bye,
(May God in His mercy forgive the lie)
I would not add to your load of grief,
Though one salt tear would have meant relief.

And you answered back with a fearless smile,
(No angel recorded the loving guile)
Your brave lips fashioned the cheering word,
Though well I knew 'twas a two-edged sword.

I would it had been to the lone corpse Mass
That over the threshold I saw you pass,
For pulse o' my heart, the hungry wave
Is colder far than the silent grave.

Through a mist of tears and a heart full sore
Did I watch you pass from the cabin door:
And many a weary hour since then
Have I waited here till your ship comes in.

And I'm waiting here for you still, mavrone,
God pity the mothers that wait alone!
I wonder I live with the weight of woe
That has sat with me since I saw you go.

OUT OF THE DEPTHS

WILD Waves!
Lashed by the winds,
You have grown dear to me
As the friends that I love.
Voice of Immensity!
Wisdom as from Above
You bring to me,
Great Sea!

Wild Waves!
That rise and fall,
How you have preached to me
Of the purpose of Life!
Here where the soul is free
How vain the anxious strife
Of yesterday,
O Sea!

Wild Waves!
Highway of God,
Here Heaven stoops down to me;
The things that are seem not,
The things that are to be
Shine with a glory caught
From the First Dawn,
Grey Sea!

Wild Waves!
Praise ye the Lord,
Whisper this prayer for me,
(I who have done so ill,
Now bend a suppliant knee)
Ask that I seek His Will,
Constant as you,
O Sea!

A CONTRAST

(New York, Good Friday, 1919)

THE careless crowds upon the great White Way,
For whom no curfew marks the night from day;
Knowing no law, since Pleasure's gates are wide--
"Again is He despised of men," I cried.
"There is no Faith."

A multitude in silence bending low,
Around the priest they circle, row on row,
To kiss the Cross of shame whereon He died,—
"In truth all hearts are drawn to Him," I cried,
"Faith still abides."

MEMORIES

OUR hands go out in greeting to the friends of
every day;

We have a smile for many a one we meet upon the
street;

But to the inner shrine of Love how few can find the
way?

Strange that it should be sacred to the tread of
ghostly feet!

The memories that cluster round the friends of other
years

Are dearer far than all the gifts the coming years
may hold;

The heritage we prize the most is bitter sweet with
tears—

The Voice we heard, the Face we loved in the dear
days of old.

IRELAND

HER loveliness hath left me without speech—
Yet must I sing of her in feeble words.

Ten times ten thousand fairy harps ne'er made
Such music as the echo of her voice,

And all the witchery of ancient art
Could not convey the glory of her smile.

The love of all the world is in her eyes
Which captive hold the hearts of many knights;

Yet is she sad, as though the plighted word
Of lovers brought her cause for bitter tears.

Dark Roisin of the Sorrows! Well she knows
That those who love her best must suffer most—

For things of worth are always won through pain
Yet now as always men will do and dare,

Nor count the cost, careless of all but this,
That Roisin Dhu should reign at last a queen.

O marvel not that we should find no worth
In all the things that other men so prize.

List to a fool and humbly pray that God
Vouchsave to you the Vision we have seen.

THE BURIAL AT SEA

AT midnight paused the great ship in its course;
And for a space the angry waves were hushed,
As though to Death they would obeisance make.

Fresh from their toil the night crew stood around,
Ghostly and gaunt in the dim lantern light;
While flapped the pall upon the humble bier.

"Eternal rest" chanted the priest, the while
The night wind soft kissed the sacred stole,
And Space stooped down to hear the sad refrain.

Then coffin'd he sank unto the depths,
Nor was there time for tears since duty called,
And might not be gainsaid though men should die.

No loved one marked the lonely sepulchre
Where he shall sleep until the trumpet call—
But from the murky sky a star looked down.

ALL SOULS EVE

Is it the wind that cries by the window pane?
Do I list to the tears of the dead or the drip of the
rain?

Is it the tortured dream of a heart full sore?
Or did somebody call my name out there by the bolted
door?

The Dead are abroad tonight, the Souls who wait—
O Mother of Mercy, lead them safe up to the Golden
Gate.

MUSKOKA

"The heavens show forth the glory of God, and the firmament declareth the work of His Hands."—Ps. 18.

THIS is the canvas of the Hand Divine;
Here Nature bids the proud agnostic pause,
And humbly bow before the Primal Cause
Who fashioned it of things unseen a Sign—
Not all the learned tomes such proofs enshrine,
Of Him Who chartered Chaos with His laws:
Instinctively man's puny mind it draws
To loud proclaim, "Yea! Lord, the earth is Thine."

As first the Spirit moved upon the deep,
So breaks the morning on this favored land,
Again at eventide we hear Him pass,
As once in Eden, while the wavelets sleep;
And, silent grown, the pines adoring stand,
And dew drops mark His foot prints in the grass.

UNTIL THE DAWN

(To Mother, August 21st, 1919)

WERE I in truth to go
From you to-day,
Ah, then for evermore would skies be grey,
And the fields chill with snow.

Nay, this is not good-bye,
But just good-night,
For though I pass for ever from your sight,
You shall be always nigh.

In Mem'ry's House you dwell,
For evermore,
Throned as a queen. Love sentinels the door,
And guards the ramparts well.

And Mary's Son will heal
Your bitter pain,
And crown a thousand fold where Joy doth reign,
The sorrow that you feel.

PENITENTS

THERE were two Marys—one who sinless walked,
And one who mocked at Virtue, brazen grown.

One loved Him from the first; one learned to love—
And yet their hands were joined beneath the Cross!

So would He teach us that the way of tears
Leads up to heights from whence we foolish fell:

That always there is room in Simeon's house
Where we, like Magdalen, may lave His Feet,

And, dead to self, may have abiding Hope,
Nor fear that there are Yesterdays with God.

HOMESICK

OCH, me poor old heart is weary,
Of the city streets so dreary,
And the toilin' an' the moilin' all the day;
And the memories that are throngin'
Fill the days with hopeless longin'
For a land that lies afar beyant the say.

On the countless passin' faces
Sure you never see the traces
Of the kindly Irish friendship that you knew;
And not wan has time to neighbor
As they do their daily labor—
Och, I think they must be pagans through and
through.

Sure their talk is all of money,—
To an Irishman 'tis funny
That they never seem to think of God at all;
They've no time to ask a blessin'—
Faix 'tis sthrange must be the lesson
That their cruel masthers teach thim whin they're
small.

Throth I often sit an' pondher,
For 'tis strange how thoughts will wandher,
Of the way we lived in Ireland long ago:
Sure at home in sweet Tipp'rary
We thought more of wan Hail Mary
Than of all this foolish pride an' empty show.

Though we toiled both late an' airly.
To my thinkin' now 'tis quarely
How, like childre, all our hearts were young an'
gay;
An' the sun was always shinin',
And you heard no vain repinin'
And you never thought the skies were dour and
gray,

Och, the poor old heart is weary,
Of the city streets so dreary,
And the toilin' and the moilin' all the day;
So, please God and Holy Mary,
I'll go back to Tipperary,
Where the neighbors still remember how to pray.

GIFTS FOR THE CHRIST CHILD

HIS palace was a stable bare
That housed the patient ox;
But when the shepherds found Him there
(Plain men who kept their flocks),
Because they heard the angels sing,
They did not doubt that He was King.

We too have heard the angels sing,
Adown the storied years;
Then let us our rich treasures bring—
The precious myrrh of tears,
The frankincense of fervent love,
The gold of faith in things above.

THE DEAD CHIEF

*(John Redmond, Irish Parliamentary Leader, died
March 6th, 1918)*

DEAD in the troubled hour before the Dawn!
Ah, Ireland of the Sorrows, here is grief
That wins the tribute of our bitter tears,

Dead in the ranks with just one hill to climb!
Yet, Land of Hope deferred, no murmur breaks
From lips that oft have tasted of despair.

Dead; but the end was worthy of his life,
For, Mother of valiant sons, he who gave
His all to you, gave also this his death.

So by the Tiber's banks died The O'Neill,
Victor of many fields where Saxon blood
Paid tribute to the prowess of Tyrowen.

So at Lough Oughter Owen died betrayed,
While all through Erin wailed the banshee's keen,
And stirred the hero dead at famed Benburb

So Sarsfield gave his blood on Landen's plain,
Weary of life since now no more his sword
Could cleave a way to freedom for the Gael.

So Gratten of the silver tongue, who saw
The shameful barter of a people's rights,
And Freedom's sunrise set in serfdom's night.

And so the mighty Tribune without peer,
The Liberator of his race and creed,
Who spent himself for Ireland and for Rome.

And saddest of the long and glorious line,
The Chief who blazed the trail that Redmond trod,—
Proud Parnell of the bleeding, broken heart.

So Pearse and Plunkett and the pure-souled band,
Who lived and died in one tumultuous week,
Like unto Tone and Emmett the beloved.

Oh, Ireland of the Sorrows, you who wept
For such as these, now weep for him who lies
Rigid and silent in the age-long fight.

Yours was the fight he fought, His heart was yours,
Some walked a diff'rent path, yet now they ask
You of the Mother Heart to guard his name.

And pray the God he served in serving you,
May grant eternal rest to him who sleeps,
Mourned by a world that daily walks with death.

A STORM AT SEA

DREAD Winds!

From out the boundless spaces of the world
They come, fleetier than bloodhounds late unleashed.

Proud Winds!

Flinging a challenge with their every breath
At man who dares invade their age-long realm.

Great Winds!

And with them fight the rivers of the deep,
Whom long ago they bent unto their will.

Mad Winds!

All through the night they rave about the ship,
Like some barbaric host a-thirst for blood.

Vain Winds!

We doff to you in awe but not in fear,
Since He Who marks the sparrow's fall has care.

THE WAITING HEART

LIFE'S empty vanities; the lure of sin;
And all the idle fetiches that men
Pursue so eagerly in Satan's mart,
Withdrew me far from Thee, O Sacred Heart.

I heard Thy pleading Voice, "My Child, be Mine."
And heedless heard -ungrateful as the Nine.
I recked but little of Thy piercèd Side,
Since Passion urged and would not be denied.

Yet through the maze of vice was I pursued
By that great Love that nailed Thee to the Rood;
And though I long delayed Thou wearied not,
Nor left me in my wretchedness to rot.

O Waiting Heart? My poor delinquent feet
Do turn at last Thy Majesty to greet:
Give me the grace to ever faithful be
E'en as the Lamp that spends itself for Thee.

COULDST THOU NOT WATCH?

ONLY one hour!

And yet they failed You in Your Agony—
Peter and James and John, the favored three.

Only one hour!

Sweet Christ, You would not comfort lack could we
Have watched with You in lone Gethsemane.

O fond belief!

But when Temptation tests Fidelity,
How do we hearken to the Master's plea?

CARITAS CHRISTI

IN the big ward of the hospital—
I think they call it St. Benedict's
There are many beds,
And in each bed
Some pain-wracked body
Faithfully tended
By Pity in the garb of a good Sister.

The lengthening hours
But register the dull monotony
Of Charity fulfilled.
Tired eye-lids may not droop,
Nor weary limbs seek rest,
For it is Christ Who calls
As long ago, "I thirst."

The world is a sad place and wicked,
But there is much that is beautiful
Mid all its sordidness;
There is St. Benedict's ward. for instance,
And the good Sister, patient and tender,
Who waits upon the world's derelicts,
Methinks
The dear Lord, grieving even in Heaven
At sight of so much wickedness,
Must love St. Benedict's ward,
With its rows of white beds
Tended so carefully for His sweet sake.

BROKEN PLEDGES

IF love of mine could only vanquish Death,
O best Beloved! How gladly would I make
The sacrifice of all for your dear sake.

No suff'ring were too great that brought relief
For one brief moment to the aching pain
That could not force your wan lips to complain.

No length of days could find me weary grown;
Time would but render Service doubly sweet;
I'd hoard the hours to lay them at your feet.

And yet, how fickle is the human heart?
The Love that only yester year would shield,
That solemnly above the grave was sealed,

Is lifeless grown. No prayerful whispers float
Across the bourne of that Silent Land
Where nigh the Presence the departed stand.

Because I cannot see the dear, dead face,
Have I no pity for the pleading hands
That may not break the Purgatorial bands?

Then is my vaunted Love an empty thing,
Its fond professions but a sad pretence,
If so it dies before the veil of sense.

Beloved, can it be that I forgot?
Alas, 'tis so. O let me here renew
At Jesu's feet my fealty to you.

And may it be a beacon star of Hope,
Lighting the watches of the lonely night
Where wait the holy souls denied His sight.

THE MAGNA CHARTA

THREE scrolls record the story of the world;
Adown the years they tell of Him Who came
To preach glad tidings to the sons of men—
Three scrolls that bear His Name.

The "Incarnatus est" of that first night,
When shepherds found Him in a lowly cave,
And gave to Him their hearts unquestioning,
Because He came to save.

The "Consummatum est" from out the gloom,
When wan lips voiced the agony within,
And Satan knew the primal curse o'erthrown,
Because He bore our sin.

The "Resurrexit" of the Easter morn,
The solid cornerstone of Christian Faith,
Proclaiming God the fruit of Mary's womb,
Because He vanquished death.

Three scrolls record the story of the world;
Adown the years they tell of Him Who came
To preach glad tidings to the sons of men—
Three scrolls that bear His Name.

NOVEMBER WOODS

BUT yesterday arrayed in regal state,
Rich robes of crimson did your form enfold,
And gleaming coronets of burnished gold;
The winds upon you did obsequious wait,
Like courtiers at thrones of earthly great:
Now in your nakedness despised and old,
Poor gibb'ring skeletons, shivering with cold:
The wailing breezes muttering your fate.

See here a parable of human life,
Youth joyous, virile manhood, quickly pass:
One golden summer day and then the grave:
Time sets a period to earthly strife,
As fall the Autumn leaves upon the grass:
O foolish, then, to be but Pleasure's slave?

DESPISED AND REJECTED

GKIM Golgotha first knew the jeering multitude
Mocking the Dreamer's agony upon the Rood.

Men change not with the years, for still the Dreamer
dies

Amid the ribald laughter reaching to the skies.

The prophets still are stoned whom God ordained to
rule,

And still the royal robe is portioned to the fool.

The World loves its own—the Dreamer is of God,
So must he walk the way that once the Master trod,

Nor find e'en three to watch in lone Gethsemane—
But ah, God's angels smile upon his agony.

YESTERDAYS

THE Happy Yesterdays!

Ere yet the Reaper marked you for his own—
Ah me! 'Tis hard to walk the world alone.

Dead Yesterdays of Love!

Planning with Youth's strong faith dream castles fair,
And now the sequel—your poor vacant chair.

The Ghosts of Yesterdays!

More prized than aught save God's all-saving Grace,
Until the Day I meet you Face to Face.

THE TEACHER

(In Memory of Patrick Pearse)

WE had forgotten all, or nearly so,
Until you came, a Prophet sent of God.

We had no palms for you, but only stones,
As always in the story of the world,

Scorning your Gospel as a Dreamer's scroll.
But now we see the Vision that you saw,

And in the glory of a dream fulfilled,
You walk with us immortal to the last.

SIR WILFRID LAURIER

(Died February 17th, 1919, Universally Beloved)

DEATH'S TRIBUTE

WITH never a stain upon his knightly shield,
He made the Great Surrender unafraid,
Tend'ring his sword unto the Reaper grim.

We are but human and we had loved him so,
That at this first surrender of his life,
Broken with grief, we solace sought in tears.

But for a moment—and then our tears were dried,
When Faith withdrew the veil and we beheld
Death doff to him and hand him back his sword.

THE LEGACY

O CANADA! Fair land that Laurier loved!
Wouldst cheat grim Death of its great victory?
Then place no tearful tribute on his bier,
For, dead, he lives if you would have it so.

'Tis true the silver tongue has silent grown,
But yet is there a spirit voice that speaks
In trumpet tones to all who care to hear,
Pointing this great young nation to its goal,

God blessed this land, it says, and shall the curse
Of race or creed divide the serried hosts
That should as brothers face the coming years?

Beside the grave of him who lived for all,
Let's seal his life's work with the solemn pact
To know no test of service save the one
That made him great. Then Laurier shall live.

THE WAYSIDE SHRINE

(In many Italian towns the traveller notices little shrines of the Madonna looking down upon the dusty street.)

FAITH, simple as a child's, enthroned you here,
Above the turmoil of the dusty street,
That so the careless multitude might glimpse
A little bit of heaven where the lamp,
Lighted by Love, swings on its rusty chain.

Madonna of the wayside! bless this land
Where, whatsoe'er their faults, men hail you Queen;
Where little children leave aside their games
To place a fragrant tribute at your feet ,
And give to us, so wont to criticize
Their ways, such trusting, filial faith.

HOMEcoming OF THE PRIEST SON

THE joy of all the world shines in the eyes
That mirror love like that beyond the skies.

Heart leaps to heart, and soul to soul doth reach;
Their lips scarce move—no room is there for speech

He can do naught but gaze upon her face;
And she but told him in a fond embrace.

He thinks a man might well wade deep in woe
To see in her dear eyes the lovelight glow.

A world's weight of grief to her were bliss
If at the end it held one hour like this.

The bitter chalice of the scalding tears,
The aching hunger of the lonely years.

Are now requited with a rich reward,
She gave him freely; freely gives the Lord.

THE FIRST SNOWFALL

BUT yesterday I looked with pain
Upon the world through windswept rain,
That sobbed about the leafless tree,
And rolled along the silent lea ;
And as I looked I thought of days
When Summer wooed the banks and braes—
“Ah, where’s the worth in life?” I said,
“Behind it stalks the spectre dread.”

I saw to-day another sight—
The earth was garbed in robes of white,
And forest glade and hill and lea
Had donned a matchless drapery ;
No grinning death-in-life was there,
But all the world looked wondrous fair—
“Ah, this in truth is life,” I said,
“Thus sweetly sleep the holy dead.”

MANGER AND ALTAR

THE shepherds watch upon the wind-swept hills,
Where, huddled close, the sheep sleep in the fold,
When suddenly strange mystic music fills
The midnight skies, now bright with burnished gold.

And sore afraid, in fear and awe they bend—
As so to hide this marvel from on high—
And trembling ask themselves what doth portend
This noon-day brightness in the midnight sky.

Then spake a voice, "Fear not, O sons of men,
For tidings glad to you and all we bring,
Emmanuel is flesh to conquer sin,
In Bethlehem go seek your new-born King,"

With beating hearts, no longer sore afraid,
They straightway sought this Mystery foretold;
They worshipped Him in lowly manger laid,
While angel shepherds watched above the fold.

O favored three! had we but watched that night,
We, too, would seek Him in the dawning grey—
But, joy of joys, where gleams the altar light,
The Babe of Bethlehem waits us to-day.

PER CRUCEM AD LUCEM

*(In Memory of my sister, died
August 19th, 1915)*

FAIN would I tune the lyre to Sorrow's note—
But, ah the agony of lonely years
Holds depths of grief too great for even tears,
And mocks the empty phrases conned by rote.

There is a grief too sacred for a song;
God only our Gethsemane may read,
And, pitying veil the hearts that broken bleed,
At memories that round Love's portals throng.

Though friends be kind, yet vainly do we lean
On human comfort in an hour like this:
The handclasp fond, the sympathetic kiss,
But mind us all the more of what has been.

But yet is there a balm for aching pain—
Beneath the olive trees the Empty Tomb
Points to the dawning after midnight's gloom,
And gently chides the lips that would complain.

And so we murmur not as here we weep,
O best beloved, above your new made grave,
Our "Fiat" consecrates each tear to lave
The stains of sin that trouble your last sleep.

RESURREXIT

THREE gibbets 'gainst a sudden dark'ning sky;
And in the gloom three figures standing by;
But only three, for all the rest have fled
In fear, proclaiming, "Lo, the Master's dead?"

A garden in the light of Easter dawn;
A Mother's pallid face so white and wan;
A world's weight of grief doth bow her head,
"Maria?" He has risen as He said.

THE CROWN IMMORTAL

*(In memory of Joyce Kilmer, killed in action,
August 1st, 1918)*

WE had grown used to death, or thought we had:
Yet at our hearts we felt a sudden pain,
When in the Honor Roll we read his name.

We could not weep for those who died for Right,
Since Pride had dried the well-springs of our tears:
Yet as we held the page our eyes were blurred.

Our hearts had learned to say, "Thy Will be done"
(The ways of War had led us back to Him)
Yet was the "Why?" half-formed on our lips.

And then God's angels drew aside the veil,
When lo! A light, as of a million suns,
Illum'ed that lowly grave in Flander's fields.

And in that light we read a golden scroll:
"This is the greatest of the poet's songs,
Writ in his blood it will endure for aye."

THE SISTER VIRTUES

FAITH

GUTTER and grime and filth, a beggar old—
Lo? Underneath the rags a heart of gold.

HOPE

Dark lowering clouds; chill rains; a wind that seres—
Lo? In the eastern sky a star appears.

CHARITY

Sullen the workers pass to daily toil—
Lo? On the face of one a pleasant smile.

THE SPOUSE OF CHRIST

HE came to her from out eternal years,
A smile upon His lips, a tender smile
That, somehow, spoke of partings and of tears.

'Twas eventide, and silence brooded low
On earth and sky—the hour when haunting fears
Of mystery pursue us as we go.

Strange mystic shadows filled the temple dim,
But on the Golden Door the ruby glow
Spoke orisons more sweet than vesper hymn.

No human accents voiced His gentle call,
No crashing thunderbolts did wait on Him,
As when of old He deigned to summon Saul.

But Heart did speak to heart, an unseen cord,
In Love's own scale did sweetly rise and fall;
Nor questioned she, but meekly answered, "Lord."

To-night some household counts a vacant chair,
But far on high Christ portions the reward,
A hundred-fold for each poor human care.

AVE, COR JESU

O Thou Who dost abide
Behind the Golden Door,
Upon life's stormy tide
Thy tender mercy pour.
Ave, Cor Jesu!

O Prince of Peace, take heed
And pity'ng save Thine own,
As, suppliant, we plead
Before Thy altar throne:
In Thee we hope alone.
Ave, Cor Jesu!

O Thou Who died for love,
Bid war and strife to cease,
And send us from above
Secure and lasting peace.
Ave, Cor Jesu!

As once at Peter's call
Thou stilled the raging sea,
So woes that now appall
Can be assuaged by Thee:
Do Thou our succor be.
Ave, Cor Jesu!

BEREFT

I T'S me that's sad an' lonesome since the white ship
sailed away;

I miss the red veins o' me heart, my youngest Willie
bawn;

Myself here by the fireside all the long hours o' the
day,

Me thoughts in foreign places, or beyant wid him
that's gone.

Whin first the ocean called to thim, although I missed
thim sore,

Yet whilst himself was left to me I wasn't all alone;
But since the day whin, cold an' stark, he passed beyant
the door,

There's none but God an' Mary left to spake to now,
ochone!

But praised be God, he's sleepin' there beside the abbey
wall;

'Tis lonesome by the winther's fire, but why should
I complain?

For lyin' there so nigh to me I think I hear him call,

But ne'er a whisper comes to me across the cruel
main.

'Tis sad to see, above the grave, a weepin' mother
kneel;

To know her heart is breakin' at the rattle o' the
clay;

But ah! my grief, though death be hard, 'tis more than
that I feel,

A hundhred times the lonesome night, a thousand
times the day.

For Death is kinder than the ships that bear thim o'er
the foam;

The grave is nearer than the land that lies beyant
the West;

And though they're gone yet, praised be God, they're
sleepin' near to home,

And 'tis no sthranger's hand, asthore, that lays thim
down to rest.

If only Willie bawn were here to lay me in the clay,

To place me poor old bones to rest alongside him
that's gone,

His hand in mine—I'd welcome thin the breakin' o'
the day,

An' I'd not fear the long boreen that leads beyant
the dawn.

THE ACCEPTABLE TIME

GOD'S grace abounds for us these Lenten days—
Like father of the Prodigal He waits
Our homecoming from Sin's so devious ways,
From Passion's poisoned cup that never sates.

His wounded Hands, outstretched, do fervent plead
Some slight remembrance of the price He paid
That we might victors be, in thought and deed,
O'er vile temptations that our souls degrade.

His voice is gentle as when Mary laved,
In Simon's house, His Feet with burning tears;
Or when the leper by the wayside craved
His healing power. So now He calms our fears.

Oh, let us, then, essay anew to walk
The Narrow Way by which the saints have trod,
And by our penitential fervor balk
The plans of him who first said "no" to God.

THE CONVENT BENEDICTION

METHOUGHT I heard the Seraphim intone
"O Salutaris" in the chapel dim—
Did angel choirs their homage pay to Him,
Who stepped from high unto His altar Throne?

Nay, 'twas the sweet voiced children cried, "All Hail?"
(What thoughts came crowding down the ages long—
The watching shepherds and the angels' song—
As Faith, illumined, pierced beneath the veil.)

The White Christ smiled—I know the angels saw—
His children's song to Him was far more sweet
Than that with which the Seraphim do greet
The Lamb triumphant, bending low in awe.

Once more He was a Child in Nazareth,
In Mary's arms. He heard the lullaby
Her dear lips crooned; while Joseph stood near by—
How far away seemed Calvary and death?

He saw again the "little ones" who came
To ask His blessing in the ev'ning dim;
And so the little ones who worshipped Him
Were blessed by the White Christ of Notre Dame.

THE TRYST

(To a Sister's Memory)

I SHUN the solitude of busy streets;
The loneliness of crowds my soul affrights:
I shrink with horror from the city lights,
Knowing no friendly face in all one meets

But oh the joy of sitting in the dark
Beside the ashes of the dying fire!
For then you come to me, my heart's desire,
Radiant with youth, no longer cold and stark.

I see your face, I hold your hand in mine;
We live again the happy careless years
Ere yet we knew the burden of life's tears
That waited us by God's all-wise design.

In Mem'ry's silent house I sit and wait:
Come quickly, do not tarry at the gate.

TO ONE FEARFUL

FEAR not, dear heart, although perchance the way
Seems lost in tortuous windings that affright,
And nowhere gleams a kindly beacon light;
The darkest hour precedes the breaking day;
Behold e'en now the eastern sky is grey
With Dawn's bright promise. Endless seemed the
Night,
Yet Day is victor. Gird thyself to fight;
God's grace awaits thee, nor will He delay.

Then falter not, One leads you by the hand
Who will not fail thee though the heavens fall;
Trust in His Name as in a shield secure;
How can you fail if only you but stand
With Him the potent arbiter of all,
Who so rewards the little we endure?

THE NAMELESS ONE

“SOMEWHERE in France”—’twas all the message said—

For Truth and Right his strong young life he gave,
And “somewhere,” too, with other hero dead,
They laid him in a soldier’s nameless grave.

“Somewhere at home” a mother weeps red-eyed,
Nor heeds the chorus of a nation’s praise—
We proudly tell how valiantly he died,
But she, poor thing, but counts the lonely days.

The days that lengthen into weary years
Of haunting mem’ries and of poignant grief:
The empty days that hold a thousand tears,
Whose ceaseless flow shall never find relief.

We write his name upon the golden scroll
That holds the muster of the hero dead,
Who tribute paid to cruel war’s red toll—
But do we spare a thought for her bowed head?

’Tis meet and right we praise the fallen brave;
Their’s is a debt we never can repay;
But she who, tear-dimmed, sees a new-made grave,
Deserves the tribute of a thought to-day.

CANADA'S FIRST WAR CHRISTMAS

WINDS of Empire, bear ye this greeting tender
From our fond hearts to those across the sea,
So they may know that Canada remembers
Her soldier sons who fight to keep her free.

Winds of Empire, 'mid scenes of carnage gory,
Whisper the message of the deathless years,
The "tidings glad" of the sweet Christmas story,
That filled a world with Hope and dried our tears.

Winds of Empire, tell them the bells are ringing—
The Christmas bells they knew and loved of yore;
And sweet-voiced choirs the old-time hymns are sing-
ing—
Maybe they'll hear them 'mid the cannon's roar?

Winds of Empire, say that no note of Sorrow
Falls from the lips of mother, sister, wife;
Tell them we wait the dawn of that To-morrow,
When they shall come victorious from the strife.

Winds of Empire, bear ye this greeting tender,
Straight from our hearts to those brave hearts we
love,
So they may know the folks at home remember,
And pray that Christ would guard them from above.

CONSOLATION

OMETIMES, when those we trust our trust be-
tray,

And, weary grown, we feel as though 'twere vain
Our daily cross, augmented, up to take;
When slander's poisoned darts leave galling wounds
Upon the naked heart—at times like this,
When all without is dark and winter-cold,
And midnight shadows lie athwart the soul,
How sweet the thought that Jesus understands,
Because He, too, hath tasted of Despair,
And, having suffered like, can feel for us
Who in Gethsemane our vigil keep.

UNTO THE LEAST

(Dedicated to the Kingston Hotel Dieu)

THEY named you well who called you House of
God.

O title apt! Whose very words proclaim
The tender mercy preached by Him Who trod
The ways of Galilea. Your end and aim
Like His, to heal the sick, do good to all,
And teach the wayward on His Name to call.

O House of God! Here suff'ring human kind
Finds rest and solace from all mortal ills;
Here minist'ring angels tenderly doth bind
The gaping wound—and that worse wound that kills
The souls immortal purchased by the Cross
Of deepest shame that men now count a loss.

O House of God! Let scoffers sneering ask
The Why of Suffering and the Worth of Pain;
Let those who would as Pleasure's bond slaves bask
Frown on your blessed portals with disdain—
His is the recompense that will endure;
They serve Him best who serve His lowly poor.

Think, then, of this, who patient vigil keep
O'er anguished mortals through the weary night;
The vaunted prizes of the world are cheap
And tawdry things when seen in Faith's pure light—
So in the silent watches hear Him call,
"Courage, dear heart, I will repay thee all."

GOD'S POET

(To Dr. William Joseph Fischer)

THE gift of song, debased to venal notes,
Is valued for the lucre that it brings.
Thy lyre is tuned to sweeter, holier things,
Recking but little of the miser groats.
Like matin song that, incense laden, floats
Down shadowy aisles on mystic prayerful wings,
To aching hearts thy muse as sweetly clings
As fairy music heard round haunted moats.

O sing to us again a thousand songs—
The brook, the breeze, the robin's round-a-lay,
The rushing shadows on the purple hills—
Give utt'rance to the melody that throngs
The golden portals of thy thoughts to-day,
And thy pure soul with mystic music fills.

MARY, QUEEN OF PEACE

HAIL, Queen of Peace? the nations all
Raise piteous, pleading hands to thee.

Horrors encompass, woes appal,
And Sorrow, boundless as the sea,
Broods o'er a world of love bereft,
Where only murd'rous Hate is left.

Hail, Queen of Peace? the years of time
Record thy tenderness towards men,
Since Eden, fouled with serpent slime,
Blushed to behold the primal sin,
Thou who didst crush the Serpent's head,
Pity the hecatombs of dead.

Hail, Queen of Peace? thy Son defied,
Withdraws from us His saving Hand:
Tell Him that now we know they lied
Who said that man alone could stand;
Tell Him we seek the Light grown dim,
And, chastened, turn again to Him.

Hail, Queen of Peace? no hope remains
If thou with Jesus wilt not plead;
Pity the mothers' double pains,
Pity the countless hearts that bleed;
Millions that watch for War's surcease
Hail thee, O Mary, Queen of Peace.

THE SERMON EXPLAINED

“O GRANNY, please tell me why Father O'Neill
Advised us this morning to hold our heads
high?

If pride be a sin then why did he appeal
From the altar of God to offend the Most High?”

“Arrah Nora, avic, 'tis ye have the conceit
To question the good soggarth's sermon this way:
If ye minded him close ye'd have heard him repeat,
‘Tis the feast of a nation we're keeping to-day.’

“There are countries that boast of a Saint more or less,
And 'tis not condemning their pride I will be,
For sure even one is a prize to possess
And I'd never begrudge them a lone two or three.

“But in Ireland, avic, there are saints by the score,
Though most of their names in no book you will
find,
And I don't mean the monks and the hermits of yore,
Though I truthfull y we had lots of that kind.

“As for Doctors and Teachers, and Preachers and
Priests,
Sure the Lord knows how gladly we gave of our best;
And, in troth, if we minded of keeping their feasts;
He should lengthen the year to make room for the
rest.

"But the sons and the daughters of Erin's green Isle,
Unschool'd and unlettered, who laboured for God,
Whose pure hearts were never polluted by guile,
And whose feet left a blessing wherever they trod—

"Sure these are the saints that I'm meanin', asthore,
Who kept the old Faith that St. Patrick first brought,
And who sowed the good seed far from Erin's green
shore,
And new glories for God and their cradle land
wrought.

"Though we're proud of the saints that in glory are
crowned
Of Patrick and Brigid, Columba and Gall
We are prouder of those that no mention have found—
Faix, I'm puzzled how heaven finds room for them
all.

"Sure the next thing to Heaven was Erin's green sod,
And still in that dear land they know how to pray—
Now ye know why the priest from the altar of God
Bids us hold our heads high on St. Patrick's Day."

THE EXILE

YOU smile at an old man's fancy,
You wonder I should complain,
When every want is satisfied,
And I know not ache or pain;
For sure the great God's good and kind,
And I thank Him night and day,
But can I forget Old Ireland
When my thoughts are there alway?

You talk of your parks and gardens,
But I tell you they can't compare
With a country lane in Ireland
When summer is in the air.
God gives of His own sweet beauty
To every land, I know,
But, ah, you should be in Ireland
Where the hawthorn hedges grow.

You boast of your asphalt pavement,
'Tis hard on an old man's feet,
And never a kind "God save you"
You hear in the busy street;
But the winding roads of Ireland
Lead up to the throne of God,
And many's the prayerful greeting
They breathe in the dear old sod.

Your houses are large and spacious,
And furnished with regal store,
And sure in the homes of Ireland
No carpets are on the floor,
But there is a gem surpassing
The glitter of richest gold,
The Faith of the sons of Ireland
Where the evening "beads" is told.

Though yours is a land of plenty,
There are things that gold can't buy,
The lilt of the birds in Ireland,
The grey of an Irish sky,
The smile on the cheerful faces,
The hearts that are quick to pray,
God keep you and guard you, Ireland,
My heart is with you to-day.

IN NOVEMBER

FIELDS where no roses bloom nor grasses wave,
Waiting the snow-white shrub and Winter's grave.

Trees bare and gaunt against a dull grey sky—
Grim spectre shapes that idly moan and sigh.

Leaves, sere and brown, trodden beneath the ways—
Innocent victims of the war of days.

Winds that mournful croon by the window pane,
Bearing a world's grief in the dripping rain.

All through the house the tread of ghostly feet:
On Mem'ry's portals eerie fingers beat.

AN IRISH CHRISTMAS LEGEND

PILE high the turf upon the fire,
And make the cabin bright,
And put no bolt upon the door
This blessed Christmas night;
For if so be they pass this way,
And she in trouble sore,
They'll know an Irish welcome waits
Beyond the open door.

Now place the Christmas candles there—
Put one for every pane—
That they may see the blessed light
A-shining through the rain;
The curlew calls across the sky,
The winds are keening low,
Who knows but here they'll rest a while,
As on the way they go?

One Christmas Eve, long, long ago,
The doors were bolted fast,
And in the dawn's grey light they found
Their footsteps as they passed;
For this the Christmas lights are set,
The doors are open wide,
That in her travail she may know
A place she may abide.

The inns were full, but there is room,
This blessed Christmas night,
For Mary and her Holy Child
Where shines the Christmas light.
Then set a candle in each pane,
That, passing, they may know
A welcome waits the Holy Child
Where Christmas lights bright glow.

MY PRAYER FOR YOU

WHAT shall I ask for you, Dear Heart, at the Altar
of Sacrifice,

When the White Host rests in the priestly hands, and
the Blood the chalice dyes?

For the gifts of earth—the Dead Sea fruit that ever
is void and sere—

Shall this be my prayer for you, Dear Heart, as I
kneel at the altar here?

Earth's honors and wealth and beauty rare—ah, what
do they all avail?

For the purple trappings of pomp and power but aching
hearts entail!

O Friend, shall I ask a part for you in the things that
are defiled?

Would you build your throne in the hearts of men or
the Heart of a Little Child?

And over the waste of days, Dear Heart, there comes
to my listening ear—

'Tis the Voice that I loved in the Golden Past—in
accents loud and clear,

“The empty gifts of the changing hour are but for the
worldly wise.

Do but ask for me through the ages grey the Light of
a Baby's Eyes.

"For the shadow love of the human heart for ever
craves for change,
As an infant reaches its tiny hands for toys that are
new and strange;
The idle laughter of yesterday gives place to the sad-
dening tear;
The floral gifts of the birth hour gay look withered
and old on the bier.

"Love's summer days at best are brief. The shadows
grow apace.
For each brief moment a bleeding heart and the
Memory of a Face.
The fairest works of our human hands shall fade with
the fleeting day,
Eternal Faith and Eternal Love are the things that will
last for aye."

Aye, Eternal Faith and Eternal Love must be the final
test—
The Faith and the Love that a meaning give to life's
tempestuous quest—
Eternal Faith and Eternal Love, twin lamps to our
feet of clay,
May God's mercy grant that they walk, Dear Heart,
with thee till the Dawning Day.

CHRISTMAS, 1914

THE air is hideous with the crash of guns;
The screaming shrapnel and the hurtling shells
Make night a Hades where the nations' sons,
In demon frenzy that hell's hate compels,
War fiercer than the Visigoths and Huns.

The mangled corpses fill the village street;
The peaceful plains are littered with the dead;
The roads are heavy with the hurrying feet
Of homeless outcasts, seeking daily bread—
And nought but new-found horrors do they meet.

The old are spared not, nor the young and fair;
Alike they tribute pay to ruinous war,
The ages' heritage, the House of Prayer—
(Be these, then, Christian men or sons of Thor?)
Are razed to earth, so wantonly they dare.

The nations, heedless of the still small Voice
Of Bethlehem's Babe, have trampled into dust
The glad evangel, and have made the choice.
They wield the sword, impelled by empire lust,
And mothers weep while Satan doth rejoice.

O, what a spectacle for Him Who comes,
With blessings on His lips, the Prince of Peace!
No star of hope the Christmas sky illumes,
His beacon blest, herald of War's surcease;
O world gone mad! O place of many tombs!

O mockery of that first Christmas night,
When shepherds heard the angel cohorts sing,
While Juda's hills were robed in dazzling light!

O doth not e'en an echo of it cling
In these sad days when brutal power is right?

Is this the answer of two thousand years
Of Christian teaching? God in heaven look down,
And pitying dry the mothers' blinding tears,

For sake of her who once in Bethlehem town,
Could find no place, but now a place appears.

The little children call Thee. There is room
In our poor hearts where fain we'd have you bide,
Then come to us, blest fruit of Mary's womb,

For some are faithful still, some doors are wide.
Dear Jesus, do not tarry, quickly come.

THE FIRST EASTER

THE Sabbath shades were slowly yielding place
Before the waking herald of the dawn
That peeped above the fair Judean hills,
And touched the Temple's dome with flaming gold,
As out beyond the walls two women passed
Along the way that to the Garden led
Where on the doleful Sabbath eve they laid
The mangled corpse of Him they so much loved.
And as they walked they thought within themselves,
"Who shall roll back the stone that we may give
To Israel's Holy One the last sad rites?"
When lo? behold the Sepulchre unsealed?
The stone rolled back? And some one clad in white,
Who bids them come and see wherein they laid
Him Whom they sought? "Fear not," he said, "but go
And speed the news abroad. He is not here.
This is the Day foretold when they shall see
Him risen from the dead." A step behind,
And, turning, Mary sees it is the Lord.
The same sweet Face that from the shameless ways
First drew her through the cleansing gate of tears.
The piercèd Hands, the wounds upon the Feet.
That shone with light more brilliant than the sun.
And then, o joy? she hears again the Voice—
The same sweet Voice that bade her go in peace
That night of nights in haughty Simeon's house.
"Master?" she cries, and then adoring kneels
In holy awe before the risen Christ.

GOLDEN JUBILEE OF REV. MOTHER
CLOTILDE

(1866—May 8th—1916.)

GOD gave to me to sing of trivial things—
Songs of a day that in a day do die;
The ripples on Life's stream fast hurry'ng by.

And knowing this I may not now presume
To sing the praises of those golden years,
So rich with harvesting of joys and tears.

The joys seraphic hidden deep with God—
(The light of Thabor shone upon the ways
Where duty led through all the lengthening days)

The silent tears (for always waits the Cross—
Still Christ sweats blood in lone Gethsemane,
And none keep watch with Him but such as she.)

Ah me! if sin-soiled human hearts did know
The sweetness of the cloistered peace of God,
They, too, would walk the bleeding way He trod.

Silver and gold and Pleasure's poisoned cup
No more would lure them from the Bridegroom's
Feast,
Happy if counted of His guests the least.

II.

Some give to God, and then take back the gift ;
They would keep something for their very own ;
They too, love God, but love not Him alone.

Your love for Him knew nought of this pretence :
He was your life, your every act and thought ;
To do His will in every thing you sought.

His yoke was ever sweet, His burden light,
To you, His spouse, who gave Him all your heart,
That day that saw you from your loved ones part.

And now if but those golden years could speak,
How eloquent the tale they would unfold,
That only at the Judgment may be told ?

God's angels keep the list of all thy deeds,
And Christ remembers what thou hast essayed ;
In His good time thou shalt be full repaid.

Five times ten years of building for the Lord ?
From hearts that love thee glad Te Deums rise :
The sweet Laudate echoes from the skies.

Five times ten years of faithful service wrought ?
Our joy is full, and fervently we pray
God's choicest blessings follow thee alway.

AN IRISH ROSARY

'TIS Rosary time in Ireland,
And looking across the years,
A picture unfolds before me,
('Tis dimmed with a mist of tears)
For sure it lacks gorgeous setting,
No wealth of color it boasts,
But Rosary time in Ireland
Is envied by angel hosts.

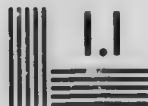
Ah, never was rank or station,
Or fame of glorious deeds,
As dear as this scene in Ireland,
When mother took down the beads;
And readily would I barter
The trophies the years have won,
To kneel by that hallowed fireside
When the day's rough task is done.

I care not for stately temples,
Or glamor of service grand,
I'd rather one prayer in Ireland,
For isn't it God's own land?
The smell of the turf for incense,
And Love for the sacred light—
Ah, Rosary time in Ireland?
My heart is with you to-night.



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PASSING BY

(An Irish Legend of all Soul's Eve.)

THE raindrops patter against the pane,
The wind moans by the door;
Herself, she sees that the fire is bright,
And then sweeps up the floor;
Himself, he tells the Beads, the while
The others answer low,
"God pity the souls that are out to-night,
And rest the dead we know."

So wise are we in our own conceit,
So versed in learned lore,
We smile to think that the holy souls
Should wait there by the door,
In that old-time land where the things of Faith
Are part of the woof of day,
Where, though there's always bread to win,
Yet so there's time to pray.

For us, who measure the things of Faith
By scientific brief,
A superstition, a fairy-tale,
We hold such vain belief.
We sift, we measure, we weigh, we test,
We hold the balance straight,
We war on the idols of yesterday,
Our creed is up-to-date.

And yet, sometimes, to our smug conceit,
 There comes a jarring thought,
That this, our boasted liberty,
 Has been too dearly bought.
For better than all philosophy
 And analytic art
Is the gift denied to the worldly-wise—
 A child-like faith and heart.

MY PRAYER

AH, not the praise of men, but one kind thought
Within a child's pure heart;
Not pleasant paths, but rough ways even wrought;
The martyr grace to part
With all that keeps my spirit earthward bent;
One sacramental tear
For gifts abused, grace squandered, time misspent;
Of staining sin the fear;
Be this my prayer, for this, dear Lord, I plead.
Keep far the earthly sweet,
And e'en though I should falter, do Thou lead
Me to Thy Sacred Feet.

A MAY GIFT TO MARY

AVE MARIA! Sweet Queen of the May!
What shall we bring to your altar to-day?
Odor of lily and incense of rose?
Gifts for our Queen that the spring-time bestows,
All that is fairest we lay at Thy feet,
Fondly our Queen of the May-time we greet.

Ave Maria! sweet Queen of the May!
Lilies may wither, the rose fade away,
Fairer, O Mary, the chaplet we twine,
Worthy our gift of our sweet Mother's shrine,
Love of our hearts do we lay at Thy feet,
Fondly our Queen of the May-time we greet.

Ave Maria! sweet Queen of the May!
Queen of our hearts do we hail Thee to-day.
Help us be steadfast when dangers are nigh,
Raising our thoughts to the Kingdom on high.
Jesu! Maria! we lovingly greet,
Hearts that are faithful we lay at Thy feet.

THE ANGEL'S GIFT

(A Legend of Gethsemane.)

DARK is the night, not a star looks down
On the silent garden and sleeping town.
Sad as a dirge is the funeral moan
Of the angel cohorts before the throne,
As they list to the God-man's cry of pain,
As He wars alone with the weight of sin,
Worn and wearied the watchers sleep,
Whilst Heaven and Hell their vigil keep.

Dread is the vision before Him laid,
Despised by millions, by His own betrayed.
And red is the ground with the crimson rain,
But the Tempter whispers, 'Tis all in vain—
The Scourge and the Nails, the Crown and the
Cross,
And the Narrow Way—men count it a loss,"
And the demon laughed, "Be wise," quoth he,
"And leave this ungrateful race to me."

High in the heavens, before the throne
The angels cease their funeral moan,
And deep in the dismal pit of hell,
The demons list for a sign to tell
What the choice will be in this conflict dread
With sin, bereft of all succor and aid.
And the tempter smiled, the angels wept,
As Heaven and Hell their vigil kept.

Down through the night comes an angel fair,
She bears in her bosom a vessel rare,
"See, Master, the sighs and the tears of men,
Through the ages long, who have wept for sin."
And the Tempter laughed. "What is this, quoth
he,

"But as summer rain to the boundless sea!
Ah! fool, to die for a traitor race,
That exults in sin and its own disgrace."

Paler the face of the Master now,
And redder the rain on His crimson brow.
Dread is the conflict that rages within,
As He, sinless, wars with the weight of sin,
And up from the town comes the savage cry.
Of the fiendish crowd that would see Him die.
"Father," He whispers, "Thy will be done,"
The angel knew that her gift had won.

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